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Anchorage FOR THE Storm Tossed.

ANCHORAGE.

ANCHORAGE

FOR THE STORM-TOSSED.

—"And she was a widow."

Compiled and Edited by

ROSE PORTER,

AUTHOR OF "FOREGLEAMS OF IMMORTALITY," "COMFORT FOR MOTHERS OF ANGELS," ETC.

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"OUR dear Lord and Saviour, who is also our example and pattern, in all our sufferings, comfort you."

LUTHER.

Thus saith the Lord,—"Let thy widows trust in Me."

Remember,

Not long will it be before you meet again,

"A circle never to be sundered more,
No broken link, a family in Heaven."

BICKERSTETH.

I.

"A WIDOW! what a desolate name! Yes, you may weep, you must, you ought; you are placed by Providence in the region of sorrow, and tears befit your condition."

JAMES.

"Jesus wept! The Saviour has consecrated sorrow. He has made it a holy thing to weep.—

"Be not ashamed of thy weeping, thou bereaved one! only let thy tears be shed at the feet of Jesus, and see that thy sorrow does not degenerate into selfishness, or develop into rebellion against the will of God."

"The Christian mourner may always count upon the sympathy of Jesus. Thou mourning one, who art to-day bewailing the loss of hus-

band, thou mayest rely on His sympathy, for though He is sitting on the throne, He has still the same tenderness for those who are in sorrow as He manifested at the grave of Lazarus!"

W. M. TAYLOR.

Be comforted,

"Jesus wept! and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Loving to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.'

II.

"LET your grief be such that your consolations shall be more, for you have not lost thy loved one, but sent him before you, that he may be kept for ever blessed."

LUTHER.

"He pleased God, and was beloved of Him: so that, whereas he lived among sinners, He translated him."

ANON.

"Happy we are!
For though we stand alone,
Like the disciples gazing up to Heaven,
Toward our ascended one,
We know that God, who takes what He has given,
Never a soul forsakes,
And surely gives again that which He takes.
He who has passed above the sky
Has gone in time, comes in eternity."

CLARKE.

"The withdrawal of a friend from our side is a special providence, even for ourselves. Never does the grave take hold of a mortal's feet, but his companion hath an omnipresent Eye the while fixed on him in compassion. We should think of that Eye, as well as of the Hand that taketh away. Meditation on the dead quickens our faith in the unseen, for sorrow hath a sacred efficacy; there being no touch so purifying as that of a dead man's hand."

MOUNTFORD.

"He whom thou loved and lost . . . .
Dwells in those cities far from mortal woe,—
Haunts those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carollings soar.
Eternal peace has he;
God wipes his tears away;
He drinks that river of life which flows for evermore."

ANON.

Be comforted.——After earth—Heaven.——After parting—meeting.

III.

LONELY one, listen to the words of a heart stricken and sore bereaved even as thou art. Trust as she trusted, and say as she said, "Thy will be done. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," and then thou wilt find, though thy sun be set, though it be eventide with thee, yet, at eventide it *shall be* light.

"It has pleased an all-wise God to take to Himself my beloved husband, and to write upon me, the happiest of wives, *Widow*.

"O Thou Infinite Jehovah, I claim Thy promise that Thou, my Maker, will be my husband, and counsel and direct me in every duty before me. I can no longer ask my husband, and receive aid and counsel from him, in every diffi-

culty, but if Thou lift upon me the light of Thy countenance, and make Thy word a light to my feet and a lamp to my path, I can not err. . . .

"I devote myself to Thee in my new character as widow, and claim all the promises to such in Thy precious Bible. I desire to glorify Thee in this hot furnace of affliction, to see Thy hand in my bereavement. My idol Thou hast taken away, my gourd Thou hast withered. Lord, help me or I perish." MRS. BETHUNE.

"I, the Lord, am with thee,
  Be thou not afraid!
I will help and strengthen,
  Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
  With my own Right Hand;
Thou art called and chosen
  In my sight to stand.
. . . . . .
God is all-sufficient—
  Onward, then, and Fear not."

IV.

"HOW tenderly our compassionate Lord speaks of the widow! He seems intent to fill up every gap love has been forced to make; one of His errands from Heaven was to bind up the broken-hearted. He has an answer for every complaint you may ever be tempted to utter. Do you say you have none now to follow, to walk with, to lean on? He will follow you and invite you to come up from the wilderness leaning on Him as your beloved. Is it that you want one to be interested in all your concerns? 'Cast all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you.' Do you need a protector? 'Let thy widows trust in Me': is His promise. An adviser? 'Wonderful counsellor': is His

name. Do you seek a companion? 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you; I will never leave you, nor forsake you.' Do you want one to weep with you? 'In all their affliction He was afflicted'; 'Jesus wept';—— when you lie down you are safe under the shadow of His wings, under the banner of His love. When you awake, He is still about your path."

Remember,

"The promises of God must be true; surely the Lord will help you, *if you are willing* to be *helped.*"

"For all the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen." 2 Cor. i. 20.

"Here is a covert from the storm, when winds and waves arise,
A shadow in the scorching noon, a light in starless skies;
A staff upon the rugged road, a shield when foes assail.—

ANCHORAGE.

. . . . . .

Draw near, thou reft and drooping heart, draw near
and lift thy gaze
To Him who yearns with outstretched arms thee
from thy grief to raise ;
Draw near, and, clinging close beneath thy Saviour's
bleeding heart,
Tell o'er each throb of that deep woe in which thou
hast a part ;

. . . . . .

. . . . All thy weary heart-aching upon that true love
cast ;
In Jesus' Cross and Passion is the medicine of thy
soul,
Yea, there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer to make
thee whole."

SELLON.

V.

REMEMBER,

"Death gives us sleep, eternal youth, and immortality. . . . . Death is another life."

RICHTER.

"The hand fell and the pulse faltered; and it was done; and the spirit was fled,—the spirit that was woven into ours as with meshes of steel. And now not one lisp out of the sky, not one whisper out of the night, to tell us and comfort us. Mystic orphanage of spirits that are filial! mystic divorce of spirits that are wedded! And the years move on. We remember them and they remember us, we think. They worship there and we worship here,—a broken chorus rendering one psalm: they with eyes from which

all tears have been tenderly wiped, and with faces beautiful with looking upon the front of God; we with eyes all tear-bedimmed, stumbling over the roughness of life, wondering, hoping, and waiting; waiting till our exile shall be repealed, our little island of loneliness and expectation be made continuous with the continent of the redeemed, and no more sea in the new city of God."

C. H. PARKHURST.

And,

"There shall ye find your dead in Christ arisen,
And learn from them to sing the angels' song."

"Oh, it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed.
. . . . . .
Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us,
And distant Heaven, like home.
. . . . . .
O dearest dead! to Heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you,

To Him ! be doubts forgiven !
Who took you there to save you !—
Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly."

FABER.

VI.

"Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?"

"THINK, sorrowing one, of the wonders of the *grace of God;* and remember His promise, 'My grace is sufficient for you,'—sanctifying grace, sustaining and supporting grace, made perfect in your weakness, if you trust in Christ."—

"The treasured life of your home, of your heart, is taken, but when the tremendous blow came, lo! sustaining grace came with it.—You may rise above your trial, for underneath are the Everlasting arms. You may tread life's lonely way sorrowful, yet with a 'song in the night'; for amid earth's separations and sadness, you

may hear the voice of Jesus, saying, 'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world'; and, He is able to make all grace abound toward *you*. Cast all your cares, and each care, as it arises, on Him, saying, in child-like faith, 'Undertake Thou for me!' Then, the mournful, desolate, solitary, rugged path you tread, will be carpeted with Love, fringed with Mercy, and earth's darkest future will grow bright as you listen to a Voice stealing from the upper sanctuary, 'I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'"

McDuff.

"And, *there* dear families are gathered."

"What matter how the winds may blow,
Or blow they east, or blow they west;
What reck I how the tides may flow,
Since ebb or flood alike is best.
No summer calm, no winter gale,
Impedes or drives me from my way;

ANCHORAGE.

I steadfast toward the Haven sail
That lies, perhaps, not far away.

"What matter how the winds may blow,
Since fair or foul alike are best;
God holds them in His hand, I know,
And I may leave to Him the rest,
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger or delay,
As I still toward the Haven sail
That lies, I know, not far away."

VII.

"ALL which is real, remaineth and fadeth never;——and love is real."

"Yes! consolation. Yours, even yours is not a case that excludes all comfort. There is balm for the wounds of a widow's heart. . . . . You still feel a mysterious and happy fellowship, though separated by the wide, deep gulf of the grave. Extract comfort, then, from your very tears, for love has left a drop even in *them*. You were happy, and that should prevent your being wretched now; you were his comfort on earth, and assisted him in his pilgrimage to Heaven; where, perhaps, he is now thinking of you before the throne, and finding a place for

your name in the song of gratitude before the fountain of mercy."

"He that pitied the widow of Nain, pities you. 'In all your affliction, He is afflicted, and the angel of His presence is with you.'——Not a promise died, when your husband died. Not a single Gospel consolation lies entombed in His sepulchre.——Wherefore comfort yourself with these thoughts."

JAMES.

"I know, O Lord, that in faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me."

Ps. cxix. 75.

"For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

HEB. xii. 6.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

Ps. xlvi. 1.

"He knoweth the way that I take; when He has tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

JOB xxiii. 10.

"Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground."

JOB v. 6.

But,

"In all our afflictions He is afflicted."

Is. lxiii. 9.

And,

"In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." HEB. xii. 18.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed in us." ROM. viii. 18.

Remember,

"It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." 1 SAM. iii. 18.

VIII.

"From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the space,
Falling on the inward ear."

"HE whom thou hast lost is now in the presence of God and of the Lamb, unspeakably and unchangeably happy. Hear his voice now saying to you, 'Come up hither'; come by faith, come upon the wings of prayer. The nearer you draw to Jesus, the nearer you approach to me. The more Christ-like you become, the nearer, the clearer, and more luminous, you shine to me. Anticipate in faith and

hope that blessed day when you shall be with me, and we shall together be forever happy with the Lord."

CUMMING.

"Farewell, thou dear, dear soul, farewell!
To those sweet pleasures go,
That we who mourning here must dwell,
Not yet, alas! can know.
Ah, when shall that great day be come,
When these things fade away,
And thou shalt bid us welcome home;
Would God it were to-day!"

SACER, 1665.

"It is better with him now than where he was. God help you to journey thence after him, although without sorrow, that journey will not, can not be made."

LUTHER.

IX.

OH, widowed one,

"Believe—never doubt—that the God who bereft you,
Permits him to think of you whom he still loves."

FIELDS.

"He tarried with you, and nurtured a human love; he departed from you, and kindles a divine."

MARTINEAU.

"The righteous sleep in Jesus. In death they are still one with Him.—

"All the rights and privileges which belong to believers, in virtue of their union with Christ, remain with them in and after death undiminished, unimpaired. Whatever is meant by their

being in Christ, is meant of them now they are dead.

"Wherefore you are still one with him whom you have lost; you meet in Christ's spiritual body, and are bound by a mystical tie in the same sacred fellowship.

. . . . "Heaven will be a region of vitality; a living world, a world of life. The widow's God shall be there, but not the widow, *as* a widow. Her tears will be wiped away; her sorrows will be turned into joy, for she will be associated again with the companion of her pilgrimage in the ties of a spiritual fellowship; for they shall be as the angels of God, and shall dwell together forever in that glorious state, of which it is said, *there, shall be no more death.*"

JAMES.

"Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;

ANCHORAGE.

Oh, loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

"Known and unknown, human, divine!
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
Dear Heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine!"

TENNYSON.

X.

"WE are conquerors of death when we are able to look beyond it.—And therefore it is, that faith, and nothing but faith, gives victory in death."

ROBERTSON.

"The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The Rock beneath."

WHITTIER.

"Blest are they who look on graves and still believe none dead."—

"The waters of affliction! The whole atmosphere of human life contains them; every place which man calls his home, and every thing he gathers about it, acknowledge their presence."

"Yet the promise is, 'When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee.' Jesus with us.—And He will go with us through the weary road, as one who has travelled it before; suffer as we may, He knows, not by His Divine omniscience only, but by His Divine-human experience, what that suffering is; and it was thus that His Humanity became Divine, and that this Divine Humanity became, and is, the sovereign Lord of sorrow."

PARSONS.

Hence remember,

"Let not your heart be troubled." Jesus said,
"My Father's house have mansions large and fair."

"Yet one pang, searching and sore,
And then Heaven for evermore;
Yet one moment awful and dark,
Then safely within the Veil and the Ark;
Yet one effort by Christ, His grace,
Then Christ for ever face to face."

ROSSETTI.

Tribulation teaches.——He who is not tried, what does he know?

"If tribulation takes all away from us, it still leaves God; for it can never take God away. Nay, indeed, it brings God to us."

"Whoever can earnestly from the heart humble himself before God, and acquiesce in His chastening, has already won the victory."

LUTHER.

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

XI.

HUSH, mourner! "It is but a little while and this world's griefs and troubles will be far behind. Weep, then, but dry thy tears. Mourn, but be comforted.—The great to-morrow will soon be here."——

"All is well.—Does the storm blow? Love Him who, when He 'commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind' and 'lifteth up the waves of life,' is as gentle, as tenderly and beneficently good, as when 'He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still'; and who, in storm and calm alike, will keep you safely within the sure haven of His care.—Is it night? Love Him to whom 'the darkness and the light are both alike,' but who, knowing well that they are not alike to us, has promised that weeping

and night shall pass away together, and that joy shall come in the morning." RALEIGH.

"We see not, know not. All the way
Is night. With Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm one prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

"And if in our unworthiness
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If, from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

"Strike—Thou the Master, we Thy keys—
The anthem of our destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!"

WHITTIER.

For,—"Like as a father pitieth, *so* the Lord pitieth!——And, what we know not now, we shall know hereafter."——

XII.

'THE hand of God has touched you. Thy gourd has been taken away, but it has been transplanted a Tree of Righteousness into the Father's kingdom." HARE.

Be comforted.—"The bed of death was the presence-chamber of Jesus.—It is a solemn moment as the soul passes away; yet for us only it is a time of sadness.—Thy husband, if he could speak, would say, Weep not for me, but sing with me, O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Remember,

"He who went with thy beloved, stays with thee. He can think of the living, as well as of the dying; of those who have still to grapple with the last struggle, as well as of those who sing the conqueror's song.—You have lost much, but you have gained much; earth is beneath

you; you have stood on the very threshold of Heaven, and the love of Christ is more real than ever." THOROLD.

"I can hardly come down again from going up with him to a world of happiness and joy, and from feeling the release to his spirit from its earthly prison-house. The moment I look on myself it seems past bearing; but, oh! I rejoice and bless God that he was spared this bitter anguish of parting; if one must be taken and one left, it is far best as it is." MARIA HARE.

"Pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless Home.

"Then cheerly to your work again
With heart new-braced and set
To run, untired, love's blessed race,
As meet for those who face to face
Over the grave their Lord hath met."

KEBLE.

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